

GOING UNDER

50¢

From
Ann Arbor,
Michigan

Nov. 85 #8



EVERY
DAY
IS
HALLOWEEN...

Report from the chairman:

Hey, how's it going? I thought this thing would never come out - thank to all you people who write to me and for me. Staff meeting on Dec 8, also to

Going Under #8
4746 Northgate
Ann Arbor, Mi, 48103
November '85

Deadline: DEC. 6th - got it?

Ad Rates -

\$20 full page
\$11 half
\$7 quarter
we tradeads w/mags!

Staff -

Natalie Sternberg -
Vice Editor
+
Photographer
and - Everyone who helps

Please -

Help The
Briar World
attack!

help organize the Briar World project - please come! call 426-2427 for info

Write articles - make art - stories, etc. But remember - Blue Does Not Reproduce!! We need your help to keep Going Under Going.

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS

The following poem was written by Richelle Turner. I am submitting it to be published in your zine "going under" if you think it is good.

I was one of those greasy girls
the scums who smoked pot and slept around.
I didnt mind I guess as long as
I was accepted into a group.
My parents, well, they were not my real parents; I was adopted.
My real parents saw what I was going to be and gave me up.
Im not mad I would have done the same thing I guess.
Now when I look at my yearbook I see all the cheerleaders and
all of the pretty rich girls I wonder why I wasnt like that.
I wonder if I would have been happier--maybe sadder, who knows?
And what does it matter now any way-- right.

We are
non/anti profit.
Feel free to
reprint.

**ALL RIGHTS
DEMANDED**

See you at the World,
Briar World!

Scott Sendra,
Chief of Staff

Brought to you in the interest of common courtesy by

R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS

Dear Mark (Aufdemberge),

You obviously have been thinking very deeply on the subject of human reproduction. You conclude that, since a baby could result and not just a orgasm, people should have a state approved license before they can have sex. I see you have very high moral standards. Good for you...

How is your tax money going to pay for abortions anyway? Through Medicaid? I believe that Medicaid pays for contraceptives, too. Besides, I doubt if many rapists wear rubbers. And you think the reason women have abortions is to make their lives convenient? That's an awfully nervy (& brave, in Ann Arbor) statement to hear coming from a male.

Mark, it was you that said that you wrote to this 'zine (Hey, watch it, bub. This is a MAGAZINE -Ed.) because it's for "today's thinkers". Today is 1985, Mark. Start thinking, Mark.

-Scott Koskinen

November 1, 1985
Dear Scott Sendra
of GOING UNDER -

TELL ME IF YOU WANT MORE.

I WANT TO SEE IT
IN G.U.

MAIA BANKS
54 WEST STREET
NORTHWOOD, NH

RESPOND ONLY IF YOU
WANT FOR MORE OF IT.

IF NOT, FUCK IT.
I WILL GET OVER IT.

Yours Truly,
Maia Banks





NO



BRIARWORLD

AS USUAL!!

Direct Actions including:

- * A Die-In! * A Fashion Show!
- * A Demand for Free Clothing
(for those who can't afford to live in a Briarworld)
- * Clogging up the works to **TRENDY!!!**
Stop the mall and make the mallites think about what they are doing.
- * What ever you want to do!

* Please bring your ideas and your mind. Briarworld needs some.

* Bring boards & boxes to have fun

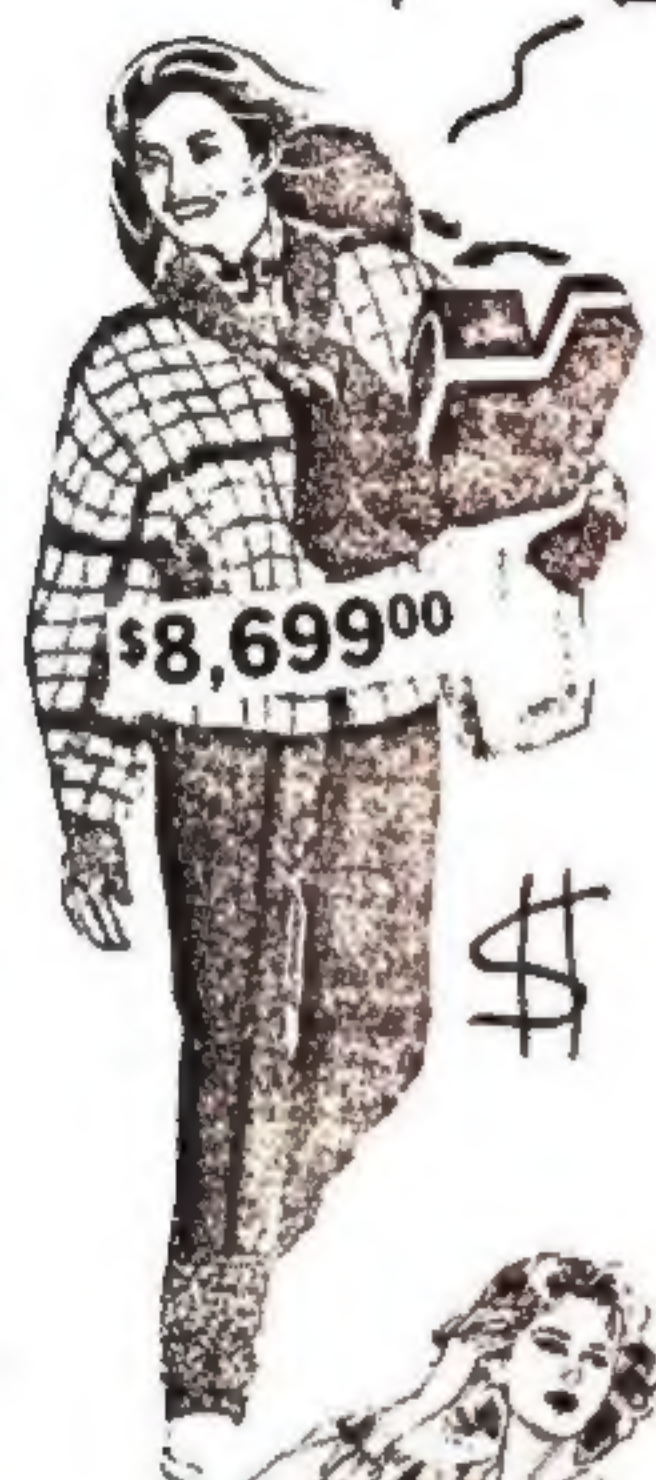
* Wear your worst clothing - for the fashion show.

* Help distribute anti-B-World flyers!

**DIE-IN with the "In" crowd!
Stop the Mall.**

SATURDAY, DEC. 21st!!! 2PM at Hudson's, outside by the Northern door, we will meet to discuss our exact strategy for attack. Please show up on time and bring your friends...Imagine how big this could be if enough people show! But it is up to YOU! It's time to act. Call us at 426-2427 or 994-5664 (please, between 4&11PM) to get more info or even better, to offer your help. See you at the Mall!!!!!!

**Dec. 21st 2PM At Hudson's
(Outside)
North Entrance**



Be there and be square (it'll frighten the cool people)

Lately I've been noticing more and more how depressed today's adolescents are. As I read *Going Under*, it occurred to me that the pages were filled with gloom and gave the impression that the world sucks.

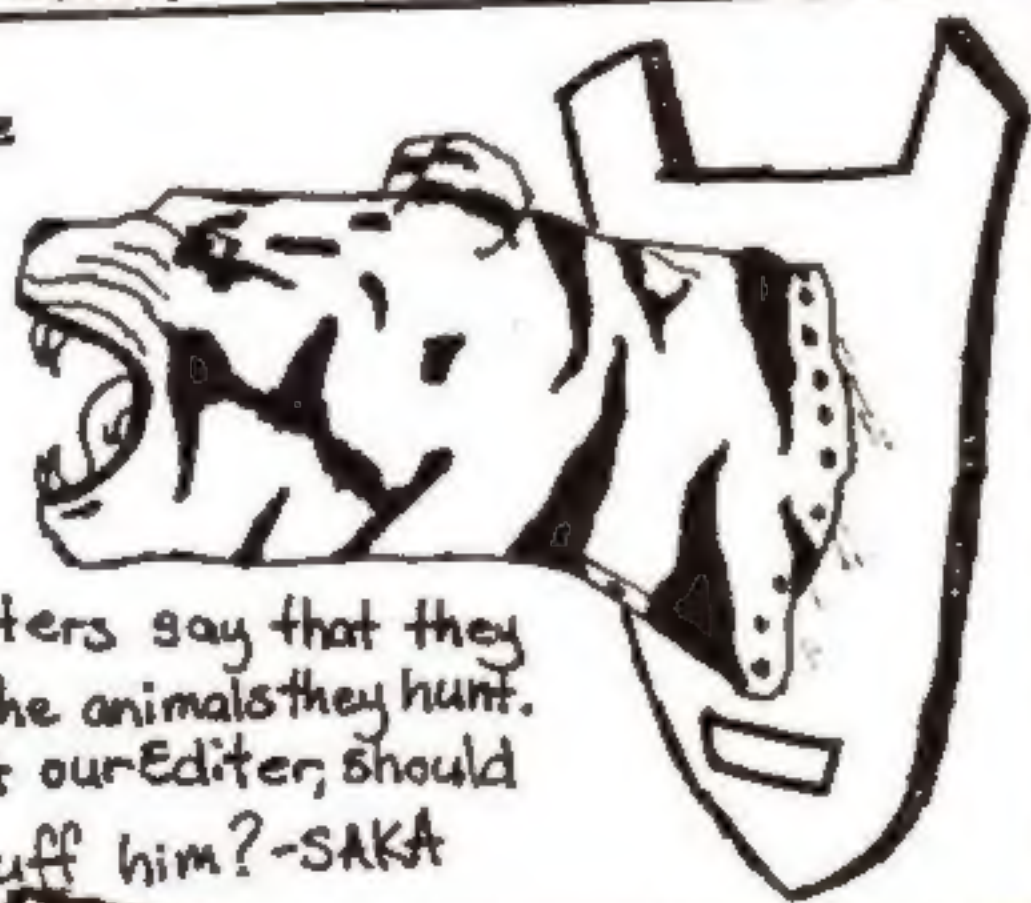
It's so ironic- we, today's middle class have almost anything we want: food, clothing shelter, money, cars, stereos... but still we are lost and confused.

I, myself have just gotten over a deep depression during which I went into hysteric fits of laughing, singing, crying, and yelling, all at the same time. I was just swimming in my own misery and self-pity. I didn't want to cheer up, I was having fun in a strange sort of way. I finally snapped out of it and looked around myself. I could see people I know feeling the same way.

I went to see Pink Floyd's *THE WALL* and it struck me that teenagers want to be depressed and miserable! We go and are willingly subjected to gloom, death and filth- an orgasm of misery, and we enjoy it! This is a serious problem.

The next day, after seeing *THE WALL*, a friend of mine almost committed suicide. Fortunately, she did not go through with it. I talked to her about it and she confessed that she really didn't want to die, she just wanted to impress the world in such a way so that the Wall would come tumbling down.

A point to be taken:



Many hunters say that they respect the animals they hunt. I respect our Editor, should I kill + stuff him? -SAKA



Scab on the President's nose



THE POLICEMAN IS YOUR FRIEND.
He likes to hassle the poor. He hates punks. He's a redneck with a badge!

Another friend of mine has a curious habit of gauging herself with scissors, knives, earrings, etc. She says it helps to cope with the pain and guilt that comes from living and if she hurts herself, she's punishing herself for hurting inside.

A rational and "mature" person would ask- why can't we just be satisfied with doing a little good for society? Why can't we rejoice in the beauty of the world? Why do we need to force such pain on ourselves?

The answer is- we adolescents have numbed ourselves from the horror we are exposed to daily from the newspaper, television and movies. We are able to watch things like *THE WALL* without having nightmares afterwards. My mother saw *THE WALL* and was totally traumatized by it. Such are the ways we differ from the last generation.

But how long will it go on? Will we become so numb that we can no longer see the beauty in our lives? The birds chirping in the morning. The crunch of autumn leaves underfoot. A smile on a child's face...

I beg of everyone- don't give up hope! Life is still worth living! If we unlock ourselves just a little, we can see how wonderful it is to be alive.

Welcome to the Information Age by scott sendra

Before the world crashes and burns into the new age of super computers and automation completely, I would like to say-DON'T DO IT!

As you may recall, the last revolution of this sort didn't go too well. As we left the Agrarian age behind and slammed into the Industrial age, we did the humyn race in for a lot of major problems we still haven't conquered. We became drones in factories, we started mass producing weapons, we moved off the land and onto city streets, and we topped it off with destroying the environment and nuclear weapons. And if you think about it, most of the problems before the Industrial revolution were carried over and compounded, not solved. We still have war, starvation, repression and poverty. Sure, there has been an increase in life expectancy, but all that extra time is spent working! So are we really ready to move "forward" or should we consider moving "backward" to correct our past mistakes?

The usefulness of the information age to the rich and the government (if you can separate the two) is frightening. They give us crap about how people around the world will live in luxury and convenience, and all people will be brought together in the global village- but really what they will be doing is an old maneuver called divide and conquer...

All communication can be monitored. Phone lines will be tapped, stopping not only personal phone freedom, but also preventing privacy on computers. Our blessed technology has brought miniture listening devices for the home, hand held "bionic ears" for listening to you outside, and tiny cameras to watch your every step. Cable television can be used to watch you in your home. So don't do anything out of the ordinary, because someone will be watching you and it won't be Alan Funt or TV's Practical Jokes.

Once they are seeing you at all times, if you do anything that challenges the governments complete power, they will simply dispose of you. Who is going to stop them?

One more immediate thing that is happening is the enlargening of the need for people to service the computers and do cleaning work. In fact, I have heard the largest growing field of employment is janitorial and maintainence work. In the future, with computers everywhere, there will be a major division between the people who use and control the computers and the people who fix and sweep around the computers. This doesn't really seem to be any improvement over the current system of a slave like working class and a priviledged upper class, and the middle class doing who knows what.



1985- A man watching 30 surveillance monitors.

People shall never leave their houses; everything is done by computer. Their whole life is cornered in the home, staring into the monitor; the monitor is staring back. Alienated and alone, they have won. There is one way to come at least damn close to breaking someone's spirit- make him feel and think that no one else feels the same way as he does, that he is alone, that he is useless, that he does not matter.

The Information Age looks grim. We don't need it. But is it inevitable? Most likely: we are far down the line, and all the plans are set, so what can we do? The only thing I can forsee really changing anything is revolution, but that isn't too likely to happen, is it? So we must watch the Information Age's development very closely. Don't let them get away with any thing that takes away the slightest bit of your freedom. The wave of the future must not be us waving goodbye to our rights.

America, America
by Natalie Sternberg

Well, here we are again. Another article. In the last issue, which I understand some of you didn't buy due to our cover, (now now, you can't judge a book...) I wrote about the amounts of ignorance and stupidity in America. In keeping suit, here are a few more dark facets of the country.

In the USA, the media has a ridiculous amount of influence. Depending on it's presentation, anything can, will, and has been believed. It really doesn't even matter if it's true or not, as long as it's presented in a believable format. A NEWS format, to be exact.

Basically, if it's news presented in a respectable format, it will be believed. If, on "Live at Five Action News" we see that seven people were killed in a plane crash, then, well, it must have happened. It's the same with all other forms of mass media, including radios, newspapers, and advertisements.

Now, we humans are a fairly trusting lot when it comes to believing these things, and perhaps, to an extent, that isn't all that bad. Except for some bad eggs (more on these in a moment) hopefully people don't go out of their way to bullshit America through the news, although we really have no proof that they don't. Anyway, we see these things headline on the network news and in our city papers, and we believe. Fine.

But then, we have nasty little bastards who use our trust of the news for their own gain, satisfaction, whatever. They do this by presenting whatever garbage they want us to believe in news formats. These are things like "Weekly World News Report" who's headlines last week screamed out, "TOP SECRET! SOVIETS DELIVER ALIEN BABY" and earlier the "National Sun" ran "BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN WILL RUN FOR PRESIDENT IN 1988!"

Now, anyone with half a brain can look at these headlines, read these papers, and laugh, because they are obvious and blatant lies. The problem is that there are people who believe these lies, or they believe parts of them. At any rate, the people who put out these publications-of-ill-repute know who these people are, and over the years have learned to cater to them. These people have become totally blind to the lack of factual content, and the evasive writing that they read in these publications.

"If one man offers you democracy and another offers you a bag of grain, at what stage of starvation will you prefer the grain to the vote?"
(Bertrand Russell)

I would like to point out that there is a distinct difference between publications such as the aforementioned, and Going Under. It is a fact vs. opinion type of difference. Remember, facts can be wrong, opinions can't. There is also an amazing difference in readership, and the intelligence of the readers. Therefore, I do not at all feel guilty expressing my opinions in a magazine of opinions, but I really wonder about the people who write for the Sun. They completely add to and/or stretch the truth, or else they simply create, and they pass it all off as facts. It's especially disturbing because they know that people believe.

As I said before, the people who read and believe these things are not exactly of the highest intelligence. However: there are other forms of garbage in the media geared to people slightly smarter. Take for example, a show on television called the 700 Club.

The 700 Club, for those of you not yet blessed with the knowledge, can be found at points on your TV dial at 7AM, 10AM, 11AM, 3PM, 7PM, 9PM, and 2AM. It is hosted by a man named Pat Robertson. Does his name ring a bell? Well it should. He's running for president in '88. (Just like Bruce. Now come on, who would you rather have?)

Go ahead, turn it on and watch as Pat's reporters go out and forage for news in the evil world around them. Watch their coverage of people who's lives have been changed by new or renewed faith in the Lord Christ Almighty. Let your heart warm as you see a two-yearold read from the bible and heal her mother's broken back. And people believe this stuff simply because it's presented in news format! And this man is being given the chance to run our country?

And then, there are fundamentalist churches who's bible beaters can be found on most major networks at one time or another. They usually go hand in hand with the faith healers who "heal" the sick, tell them to forget their doctors and medication because the Lord has intervened and kindly hand over your wallets because they helped you make the connection. All these things go on directly in front of our faces, and nobody thinks about the fact that there are an incredible amount of people out there who see, absorb and believe. People with money who can support any cause they damn well want to.

The influence that popular religious figures have in this country is ridiculous, something to worry about. (i.e., Jerry Falwell). Pat Robertson could soon be in a position where he affects all of our lives,

Remember, The Air force Aims high, but the bombs land on the ground

AIR
FORCE

Can't
on
next
page

"America, America" can't, darnit

not just the saved who watch his show. The fact that these guys can get on the air and make money (all of it tax free) is just one more thing.

I am going to close with a quote I taped off of one of America's new up and coming TV evangelists, Rev. Peter Popoff. Watch his show. It's on every Sunday night on channel 62 at 10:30 pm. Good for a laugh/scare...

"...You say Reverend Popoff, how can I go with you? I want to send you these two little flags, the American flag and the Russian flag along with the 'ye must be born again' sticker. I want you to put the American flag in your bible on Matthew, chapter 19, and I want you to stick this little 'ye must be born again' sticker on the Russian flag. Send it back to me. I want to take it with me when I go and talk personally to the Russian leaders. I want to show them 1 million of these little Russian flags with the 'ye must be born again' sticker, as I share the love of Jesus, this prayer of salvation as I talk personally to them in Geneva Switzerland. Let me send you these two little flags, this is your chance to go with me, unite your faith with mine and do something that will affect literally multitudes behind the iron curtain and also affect the entire earth. We live in an hour of great danger and at any moment, nuclear holocaust. This is an hour of destiny. Unite your faith with mine as I go talk with the Russian leadership.

Don't forget the book I offered to you, "Demons At Your Doorstep". The shocking exposé of Satan's devious master plan to penetrate and dominate your mind. You need to have it, you need the spiritual knowledge to break free from Satan's domination. I'll look for your letter, your prayer requests, your generous gift of love. I need your help, if I am to continue this worldwide outreach. No gift is too large. Write to me this week! Remember: God will do for you what you cannot do for yourselves, if you will do for God, what you can do."

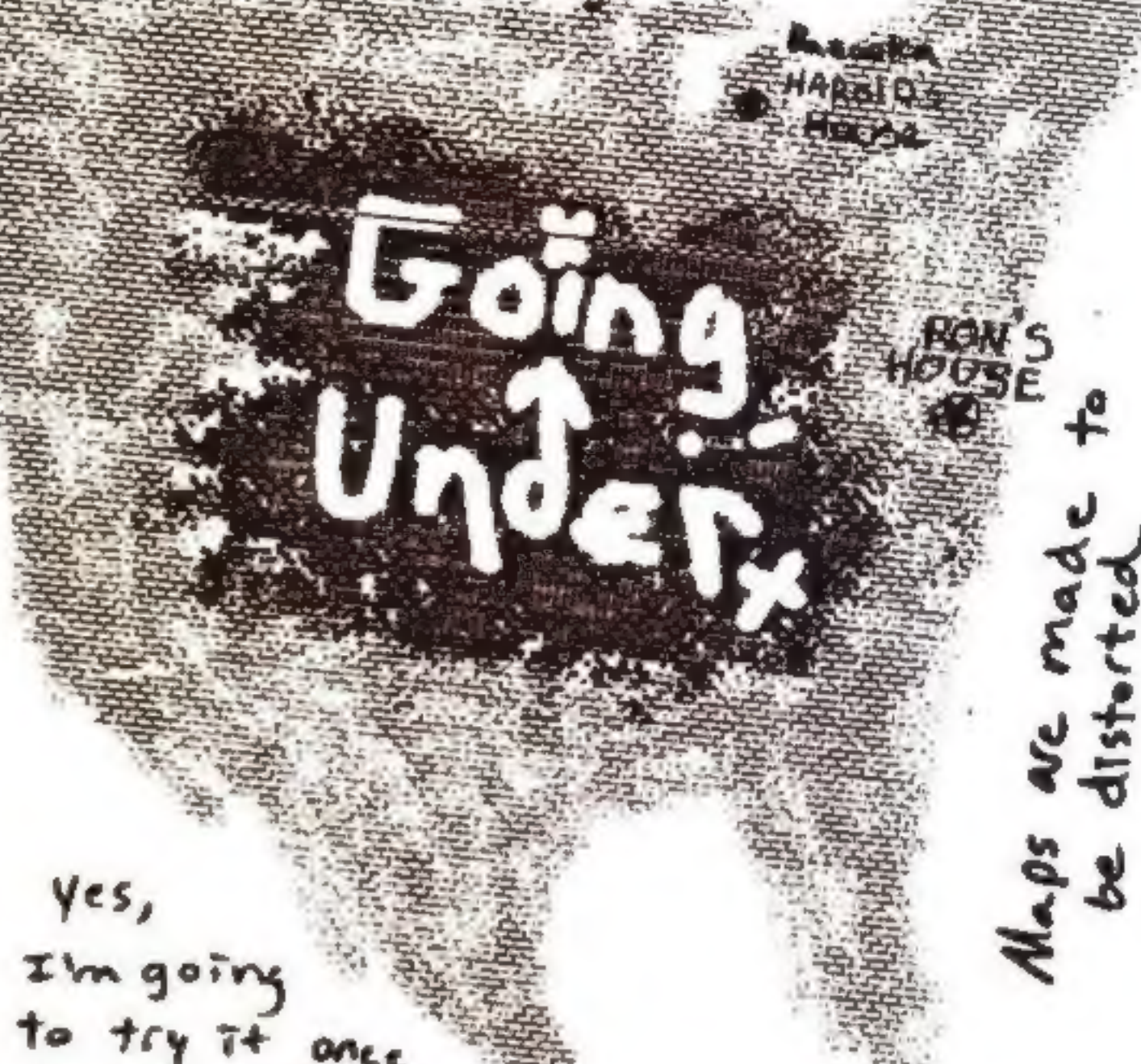
Wow.

Writer's/vile ed.'s note: This is an actual quote I taped while watching an evening of Sunday night evangelism. I felt it represented the garbage they preach fairly aptly. I would like to stress the point that any money they make (and they do make a lot of it) is theirs to do whatever they want with it, including pocketing it. (Now, am I insinuating something? Nah..v) Anyway, they never have to pay taxes on any of the money they collect "in the name of Jesus and the Lord".

There is something very, very wrong here...
- Nat. s.

"Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation."
(Oscar Wilde)

Redefine Your Perimeters.
With Going Under!



Yes,
I'm going
to try it once
again. Subscriptions are available
for you people who want
to get Going Under in the
mail. for \$5 you get 6 issues,
mail to yer abode.
\$5 for 6 issues. no
questions asked.

Contras:
Made in the USA
It's Miller time

Nicaragua:
REVOLUTION NEVER TASTED SO IMPORTED.

CENTRAL AMERICA OVER SIMPLIFIED
a brief guide to help you remember
the real story, and keep it straight.
As the Prez. once said, "You'd be
surprised. They're all individual
countries down there".

Nicaragua-

the good guys- the Sandinista gov't
has made many positive changes.
the bad guys- the Contras, the army
of the previous dictator (Somoza)
the USA likes- the Contras, calls
them freedom fighters and gives
them lots of \$\$\$\$\$

El Salvador- Guatemala- Honduras

the good guys- the "communist" rebels
who are trying to win freedom
the bad guys- the gov'ts and the
death squads who repress the
people.
the USA likes- the gov'ts- gives
them \$\$ and helps them fight the
rebels.

DEATH IS...



A NEW TOY



A HIGH-TENSION WIRE



AN 18-WHEELER



A COLD PUPPY



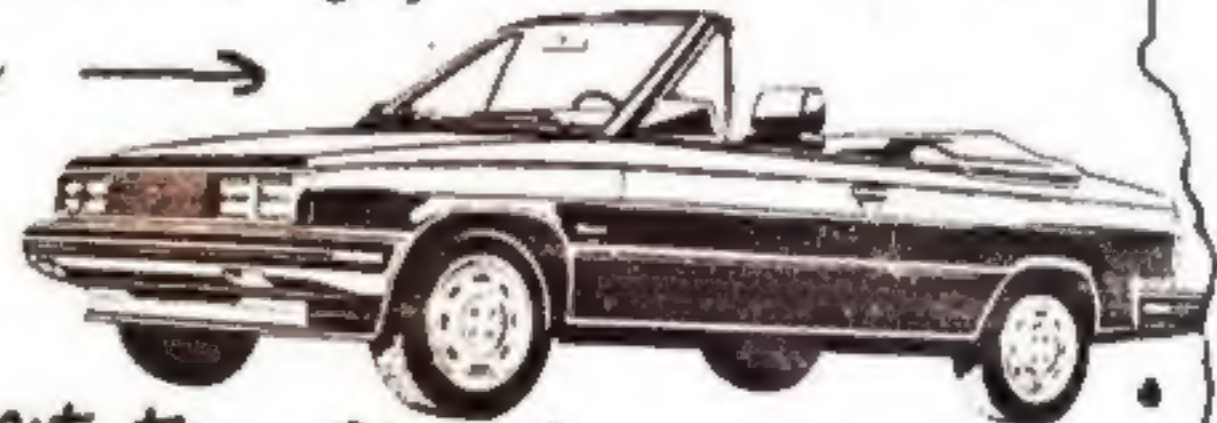
A CAMPING TRIP

↑ ↑
Stolen from
the VOPM
← Gary Gyle

HAVE
YOU
SEEN
ME?



I'll bet you have! I'm the guy that almost ran you over in my new →
Remember? I leaned out the window and yelled "commie faggot punk" out the side of my beautiful face? you almost passed out from the stench of beer on my breath? Now you remember!



COLLEGE IN THE MALL
(973-3408)

Washtenaw Community College, in cooperation with Briarwood Mall, will offer credit courses for Fall 1985 as a part of its extension program efforts. Classes will be held in the Mall's Community Room. Registration for these offerings will be held on Wednesday, August 28, from 7:00-9:00 p.m. outside of the Community Room.

Determination on whether a class is continued or cancelled will be made on the night of August 28, based upon the number of student enrollees.

Classes offered this term include:

| TITLE | COURSE NUMBER | CREDITS | SECTION NUMBER | DATE | TIME |
|----------------------------------|---------------|---------|----------------|------|----------------------|
| Intro. to Practice Yoga | 211 | 3 | 060 | M | 10:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m. |
| Women in Management | 220 | 3 | 060 | M | 6:00 p.m.-9:00 p.m. |
| Music Appreciation | 180 | 3 | 060 | T | 10:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m. |
| Principles of Accounting | 111 | 3 | 060 | T | 6:00 p.m.-9:00 p.m. |
| Beginning Conversational Spanish | 120 | 2 | 060 | W | 10:00 a.m.-12 noon |
| Business Law | 111 | 3 | 060 | W | 6:00 p.m.-9:00 p.m. |
| Photography | nan | 2 | nan | D | 10:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m. |

Well, I still think your a faggot, and I'd liked to kick your ass right here, but I gotta head over to the mall for college. then go to my frat house, Phi Delta Hudson.

Sanctuary for Carla by Annie Stephenson

I could tell you all the horrifying statistics of the deaths and injustices going on in Central America (1000 people dying a month in El Salvador like cattle in a slaughterhouse). The disturbing statistics make us all want to turn away from the fact that our government supplies these countries with ammunition and money (unless, of course, there is a reasonable government ruling, then they try to overthrow it -Ed.) With those supplies, they turn and kill innocent people for trying to improve their way of life. But how often do we tend to think of these deaths as just another statistic? Do we stop and think that these people had lives, feelings and dreams just as real as you or me? We need to look at this situation on a more personal basis. What would be more immediate than a family that had to flee their country to save their lives?

Carla Celaya and her family fled from El Salvador to nearby Mexico when two members of her family were killed by the death squads. After three years of hiding in Mexico the Celaya family was spotted by the searching death squads. The family sought help from the Sanctuary movement in America. Carla and seven of her family members found sanctuary at the Friends Meeting House on Hill St. in Ann Arbor.

The Celaya family were hunted in their country because most family members were involved with a labor union. These people united with each other as workers to stand up against specific injustices, such as an eight to ten hour working day without one bathroom break. The female workers were granted jobs only if they were willing to supply sex in return. Carla's uncle and a group of other workers went on strike. The military took the group away, including her uncle, incarcerated them for seven days and let them go. After one week, many of the strikers bodies were found, dead and tortured. Carla's uncle had to leave the country to save his life. One year later, Carla's family was shot at in their home by the Army and two family members were killed. The next year another one of Carla's uncles was captured, tortured by shock treatment and jailed at a political prison. He was released after a year of incarceration and promptly fled to Mexico.

"I have sworn HOSTILITY against every form of TYRANNY over the mind of man."

(Thomas Jefferson)

When the family left El Salvador for Mexico, Carla was 13 and she started attending school. School and family life then was somewhat normal. In El Salvador, school was an impossibility. A military outpost was located in front of the school. Constant shooting and bombing kept everyone from learning to read and write. When her brother, Alejaudio, and herself talked to me about school in the US, they said they liked the depth and variety of education available. But one thing that really concerns Carla is American youth's apathetic attitude toward politics and the problems in Central America.

The Friends Meeting House is the meeting place for Quakers. These people support the Sanctuary movement, which gives protection for families like the Celayas against the wishes of our government. The strong bond between the refugee family and the Quaker family is very evident. Spanish-English translators are among members of the house and are kept busy. Even though the Celayas have a communication problem, they are determined to speak out on the destruction in their country.

Carla said that many Salvadorians don't really know North Americans. They think of us all being like President Reagan. I asked her what she thought would happen when the people of El Salvador gain control of their country; Carla thought the government of the US would sever all communications with El Salvador. If the El Salvador government would be truly of the people, there would be no US intervention allowed. Even if there is a break in governmental relations, she hopes there will never be a break between the peoples.

When I asked Carla what she dislikes about the US, she replied that it is hard to convince people that something needs to be done to help her people. She bluntly says "I dislike President Reagan". She encourages us to write to the President opposing his allies and action in Central America. She invites anyone who would be interested in speaking to the family to feel welcome; her family wants their situation known publicly. It is the Celaya family's objective and hope to return to their country as free people.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT TO CHOOSE

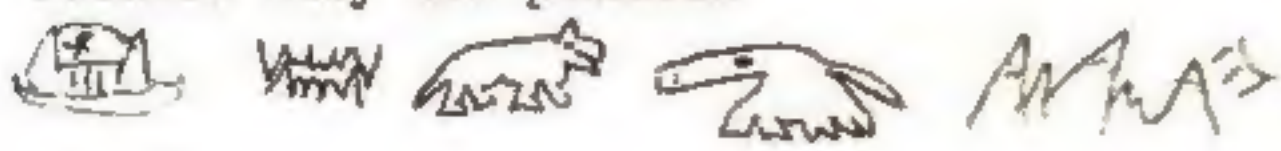
Justin Schwartz

In the October Going Under, Mark Aufdemberge argued that for people who don't want children, avoiding sex or using contraception are a lot better than having abortions. This is surely absolutely true. No one thinks that abortion is a positive thing. It's a medical operation, and even if it's sometimes necessary, it's never nice. Smart people always use contraception if they have sex and don't want babies, and they think long and hard before they make the big commitment that having sex entails.

But contraception isn't a substitute, although it is a better alternative. What happens when a woman ends up with an unwanted pregnancy? Even the best contraception isn't 100% foolproof. And for contraception to be as good as it can it has to be used right and all the time. People may be careless or ignorant about it, especially in our society which is ashamed of sex but glorifies violence. In high school, I knew a woman who thought she couldn't get pregnant on Sundays. (She had a nasty surprise.) Poor women, who get pregnant more than better-off women, often do not know about contraception, or cannot afford it, or are ashamed to get it. And any woman may be raped.

I want to explain why the right to choose abortion is a positive thing, even if abortion itself is not. Mark is way off the mark when he calls abortion "killing babies" for their parent's convenience. Abortion is not killing babies. What is at issue is not "the parent's convenience" but a woman's right to control her own body. Getting straight on this is very important, especially now when a woman's (especially a poor woman's) right to choose is under attack from powerful right-wing fundamentalist forces, including the White House.

Is abortion "killing babies"? Well, why is killing babies wrong? It's because babies are persons. That is, they can think, move around, do things, and so forth. But is the fetus - what is "killed" in abortion, a person? It can't think, talk, move around, or do things. It's just a lump of flesh, no more a person than a kidney or a liver. It doesn't have any of the things that make a person a person. So it's not a person, and it doesn't have the right to life that persons have because they are persons.



Some say that it's wrong to kill a fetus because, although it isn't a person it may become a person. The idea is that since it may become a person with a right to life, we should treat it as a person, and respect its right to life, even though it isn't a person yet.

But this is crazy. It is as if I were to say that I have a right to treat your record albums as my property because I might become their owner. After all, I could buy them from you. So I could come to have a right to use them as I wanted. But I do not own them, and so have no right to them. The fact that I am a potential owner of them gives me no rights to them.

Or another case: this argument is just like saying that a baby may grow up to be a voter (to have the right to vote), so it should be allowed to vote (to exercise that right) now, while it is still in diapers. That's absurd. People are given the right to vote because they are supposed to have learned enough about what voting means and what the issues are to make up their own minds in an intelligent way. A baby can't do these things. So the fact that it may come to do them gives it no rights.

That a fetus may come to have have a right to life, therefore, doesn't mean it actually does have that right. And if it doesn't have a right to life, getting rid of it doesn't violate any right to life.

However, there is someone involved in pregnancy who unquestionably is a person and does have rights, including not only a right to life but a right to control her own body. And that is the woman. What about her?

There's a certain double standard involved in men telling women that abortion is wrong - or worse, in outlawing abortion. If someone told a man that his body has going to be used as an incubator against his will for nine months, he'd be outraged. It's his body, after all. No one has the right to just take it over and use it. And he'd be justified in being angry. So why isn't the same true for women?

Can't on next page.

Armed guards assigned to bookmobiles

Winning lottery can kill you



"You have not converted a man because you have silenced him."

(John Morely)

No Fascist USA

Students give Reagan low marks on education

(Maybe he oughta go to college)

A Woman's Right To Choose con't

But men have been using the bodies and lives of women for thousands of years. They have thought that they had a right to have sex with women even if the women didn't want it - that's rape - especially if they are married to the women. They have thought that they have the right to beat up women, especially if they are married to them. They have thought they have the right to say with whom women should have sex, whether or not they were married to them. So if a man has sex with a lot of women, whether or not he's married to them he's really "macho," but if a woman has sex with a lot of men, she's a "slut," and if she has sex with someone other than her husband she's an "adulteress."

These attitudes are still very common and are written into the law. They have no justification. They are just plain male chauvinism. The only reason they are maintained is that men have almost all the power and money. Men tend to think this is OK because they have penises, but that's stupid. It's also why men think they have the right to make women serve as incubators whether they want to or not.

I mention this because the anti-abortion issue is not an abstract question. There is a major movement, backed by right-wing so-called Christians and Reagan himself, to put women back "in their place": as they see it, barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen. The anti-abortion or "right to life" movement is the shock troops of the rightist attack against women's liberation. These forces do not care about the fetus's or anyone else's right to life - after all, they support nuclear weapons and foreign intervention. What they care about is keeping control over women. If they can force women to bear unwanted children, they think, then they can force women to submit to anything (such as putting up with getting 59 cents for every dollar that men make for the same jobs).

Right now, the Reagan administration is trying to get the Supreme Court to reverse the 1973 Roe v. Wade decision, which makes

abortion legal. The administration has suspended aid to foreign birth control programs which use abortion. In Michigan, the state legislature is only two votes away from cutting off Medicaid funds for abortions. This would condemn poor, uneducated, mostly Black women to the mercies of back-yard abortionists with coathangers. Well-off white women would still be able to buy safe abortions, of course. Women's right to choose is on the line.

The reason these forces are so powerful, aside from their money and support in high places, is that they can play on men's wishes to dominate women and women's fear of independence which men teach them to have. Questions about the right to life are really not so strong - in our violent society, killing is not considered that bad, even when it is killing of children. After all, not many people lose sleep about the children who die when Israeli planes blow up a Palestinian village or when the US-backed Salvadoran air force attacks a peasant town in El Salvador. And fewer still of the people who want to destroy the Soviet Union worry about the slaughter of 100 million Soviet children that would happen in a nuclear war. Killing, like raping, is thought a manly thing to do. So there must be some other explanation than concerns about right to life for why anti-abortion attitudes are so appealing.

If I am right, the basis of those attitudes is the domination of women. And these attitudes are tied in to an overall right-wing agenda in favor of nuclear weapons, US intervention, and busting labor unions so that a group of rich old white men can continue to rule the world. If you don't want that, and if you believe in women's equality, you should think very hard about why you tend to be convinced by bad arguments against a women's right to choose. Which side are you on?

Justin Schwartz is a feminist and editor of The Connection, journal of the Michigan Alliance for Disarmament. He teaches philosophy at the University of Michigan.

WHAT'S BEHIND DRAFT REGISTRATION? YOUR LIFE

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RAW REVIEWS

Before we get going, I'd like to tell you that Going Under will be handling music by doing show/record reviews one month, then a band interview the next and back and forthlike that. I try to review all the local records and tapes of interest released, but as far as stuff from outside of Mich, I pretty much review only what is sent to me and what is released by bands I really dig. Scott Sendra

gly But Iroud/ Godspeed/ Corrosion of Conformity the Graystone Oct. 11

May Igly but Iroud and Godspeed be eternally condemned to open up at Ozzy concerts. It was kind of interesting to see all the head banging at the Graystone, but lame metal is lame metal no matter where it is played. The only thing that saved the evening was the fast (sometimes) playing of Corrosion of Conformity. They did do some slow stuff but it was good enough material, so it didn't bore you.

The Variables/ United Echodrome the Halfass Oct. 12

And rounding up a weekend of shows where only one band was good... The Variables play basic, to the point and heartfelt R&B, surf etc, kind of a mod band. They are unpretentious, and sound good to boot. United Echodrome are the pits. They played an early 70's type instrumental jam, then launched into a long evening(I guess, Ileft) of rockabilly-ish party music. I cannot describe in words what a twit the singer was on stage. Happily, I heard United Echodrome has broken up.

Informal Voice/ Ann Alive/ Just Born/ Bats/ Forced Anger -Halfass Oct. 19

Finally! The first punk show in Ann Arbor since Black Flag in mid July. And a good turn out too. I must admit I recognize a lot more people in Flint and Detroit than Ann Arbor people at shows, maybe because Ann Arbor people got a case of the apathies. But the place was well filled. Informal Voice, from Grand Rapids, weren't too exciting, a little on the slow side music wise and not too high on the interesting scale. Man Alive, from Detroit as is Just Born and Forced Anger, played mid tempo more melodic punk, not anything to make your blood furious, but it sounded good. Just Born I didn't dig too much. They were very energetic, but too many guitar solos and the singer was constantly out of tune. Ann Arbor's Bats were killer, with the band playing very tight and the singer going pretty much crazy. They were thrashing along when all of a sudden a fire alarm went off and we all had to go outside. When the rent-a-cops let us go back in, Forced Anger came on. Tonight they were in top form, playing loud, fast and smart. I was blown away. But those damn cops cut it off early, at 1:30, and everyone was very disappointed.

Crossed Wire/ Morally Bankrupt/ Angry Red Planet the Graystone Oct. 20

This A.R.P. record release party gathered rather few people, the smallest show I've been to in Detroit (maybe 40 people). Crossed Wire play tuneful popish music, with more interesting songs than pop and that U2 influence beat and guitar. A little tiresome; the singer isn't all that good, but has enough confidence to cover. Morally Bankrupt, from the West Coast, a veritable unknown, will become fairly popular in the future. They perform very well, and mix in different fragments of influence into a hardcore base. Mostly, they were alot of fun. Angry Red Planet is one of my fave bands, and this was the first time I got to see them. They were...solid. They were very straight forward and played well. No real exciting stage show (except the bass player who is a total jerk on stage), and the vocals weren't always very good. The new songs are great!

"Is it punk to be sarcastic, or is it sarcastic to be punk?" - Andy (of the famous Public Noise)

Corrosion of Conformity Jammin' at the 'Stone?



↑ This should look like Doc Dart of the Crucifucks. If it doesn't, due to bad copying, use it as an ink dot test to analyze your psyche in the privacy of your own home.

Golly, it's a letter from my Home town!

Ain't America grand!

People

Madonna and Sean

Hooray for Madonna and Sean Penn (PEOPLE, Sept. 2). I wish them all the happiness in the world. One thing does bother me, though. Because of Madonna's "Boy Toy" image, people assume she has married Penn for reasons other than love. I hope they prove everyone wrong and stay married for many, many years. But whatever happens, they'll still have the love of many fans Me included.

Julie Stanfill
Dexter, Mich.

Dem Show Reviews continued

Angry Red Planet/ The Crucifucks/ The Lee Kays Harpo's Nov. 4

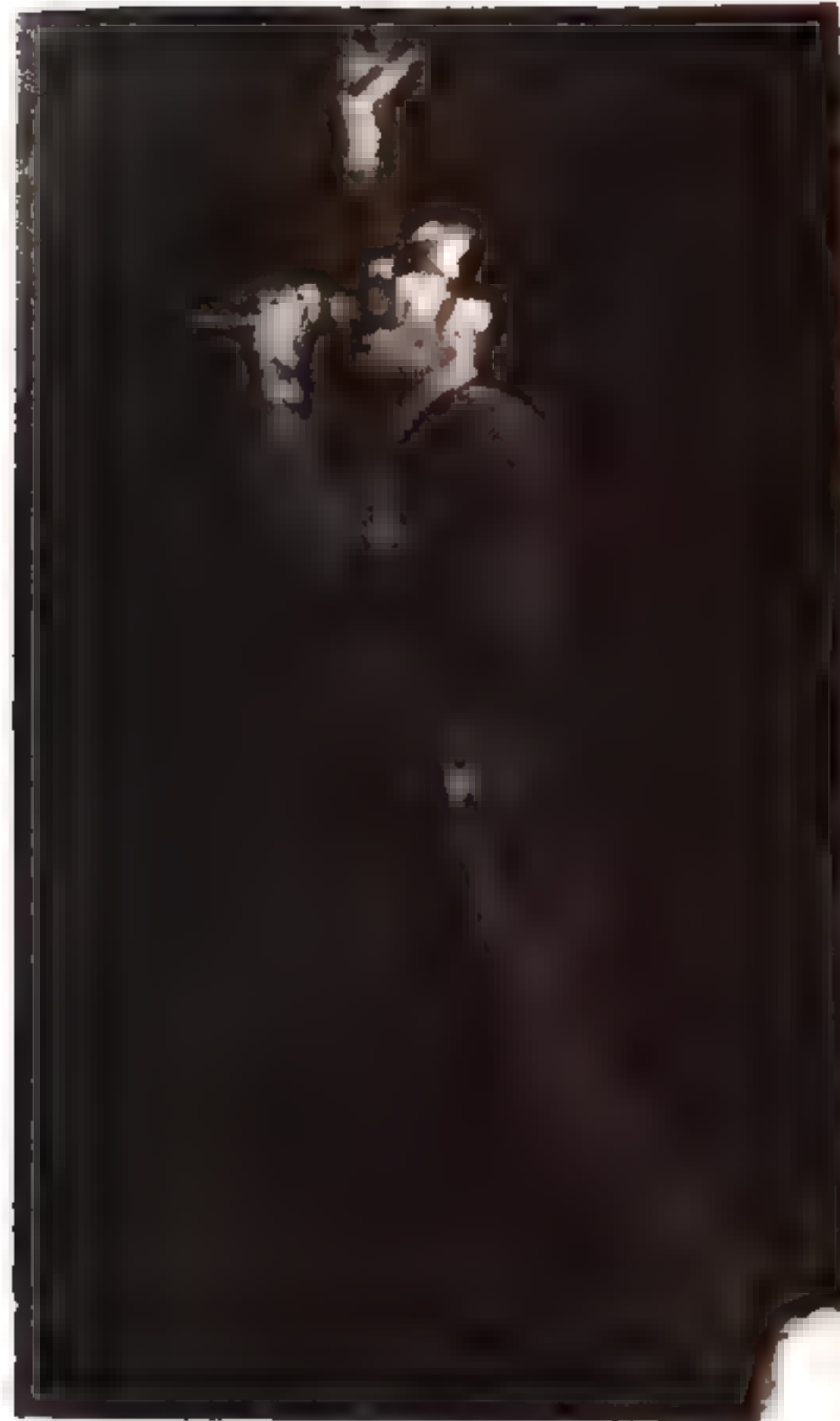
After only an hour of driving around Detroit lost, we found the show to end all shows! The joint was packed with about a million people, with all the weekend punks coming out of the woodwork to display thier punk costumes. Shit, if half of these people would go to the Graystone once....The stage was seven feet high and huge, with people flying off constantly, and up there A.R.P. was blasting away, just as in the above review, only now you get a crink in your neck looking at their stupid bass player's face. The Crucifucks were up after some lousy videos were played on screens around the joint. They were very cool, playing the great songs off their album and some newer, slower songs that were ok. But the brilliance of Doc Dart only really came out at the end of their performance, when he made some statements about how stupid punks are. The punks showered him in spit, a real intelligent display which only only made his statements all the more true. Then he held his microphone in front of the crowd, and quickly took it away and said "That's the only chance your going to get to have any say, unless you wake up and start THINKING!" Most people booed them, but I thought it was great. Then Dead Kennedys came on and they were fucking amazing. Jello would make all these great speeches between songs, about USA for South Africa and about the songs, and he is a great performer on stage. A lot of people down on the floor stopped dancing to watch him. The band was very together, and did old songs with a lot of fast new ones, like "Jock-o-rama" and "MTV Get Off The Air". Definitely get their new album if it ever gets here.

Crossed Wire/ Private Angst/ Sleep the Halfass Nov. 8

I missed Crossed Wire, kind of on purpose because I didn't particularly want to heard that dude sing again. But Private Angst I would like to hear sing anytime. They played pretty happily and had fun. I don't think their music could accurately; it is somewhere around the area of a three piece playing punk/folk/pop with a high degree of complexity with their own distinctive sound. Sleep is also hard to describe, as they are also unique, and complex. They were better the last time I saw them because they moved around more. They have a female singer, a very funky guitar player who uses lots of effects especially flanger to get a strange melodic yet distorted sound, and a real good bassist (and a drummer, lest I forget).

The Prophets/ Alien Nation the Halfass Nov. 9

The Prophets, once pretty much 9 Hells, were sloppy and musically resided in that grey area I will call guitar based new music, where bands anywhere from Replacements to REM reside. They messed around and weren't too bad, especially since they had a replacement drum pounder. And Alien Nation were good. Just good, kind of hypnotizing. The Aliens play death/popcore, like Hardcore with death rock lyrics and pop melodies. On the whole, if you missed this night at the pass, you didn't really miss much.



Jello Biafra of the Dead Kennedys
OR - Does it look like mud?



Jello Biafra of DK's

MAGAZINES

reviewed by scott seNdra

We've got pretty much a new slate of magazines here. (I dropped anything that hasn't come out in the last couple of months) Please send me magazines, I definitely review anything that I get sent to me, and all the local magazines I see to boot.

Local

Josour Press 10 Box 351, Bloomfield Hills, MI #6 50¢ 14 pages 48303-0351

Has an interview with Hysteric Narcotics, record and show reviews and comics. Pretty nice job except..... dot matrix type. ugh.

Thrash Trash 1439 Ferdinand, Detroit, MI #1 63¢ 18 pages+sticker 48209

Interviews w/ Forced Anger & A.S.P, R&S reviews, movies. This is a pretty gory/porn magazine, kinda of bad but funny too.

Burning Spastic free but no address. #2

Real interesting poetry, short stories and such. watch around for it, it's very good.

Disoriented Rain Dance 25150 Thorndyke, #2 50¢ 26 pages Southfield, MI, 48034

Interviews with Billy Bragg, 3 O'Clock, Let's Active. R&S reviews, dealing with bands somewhere around the REM-Replacements genre. The real fun comes in the opinions in the back, and because it's so long. Ditch the computer. Very much worth it!

Dead Fish 1374 Conge Drive, Bloomfield Hills, #1 50¢? 24 pages MI, 48013

Interviews (unedited- they drag on) with Scream and Tom Gemp. A report about Chicago. Pretty much incoherent and the copy is impossible to read. screw it.

Sick Minded 35 Groveland, Battle Creek, MI #1 31 11 pages 49017

Thin and lousy. They do artwork, but the pages are barren. And they attack Black Flag. So now what happens? The only reason it's not boring is because it's too short to be.

Popular Reality PO BOX 3402, Ann Arbor, MI #9 25¢ 12 large pages 48106

GREAT graphics and more bullshit writing on bizarre topics. Let us pray for the day Reverend Crowbar equals the graphics with great writings....

Full Disclosure Box 8275-FD5, Ann Arbor, MI #5 \$2 25 large pages 48107

A very important journal covering the US and privacy mostly, digging up such interesting things as the Ann Arbor police purchase of "bionic ears" and FBI reading of mail. Quite scholarly and pretty damn scary.

National

Atomic Comix PO Box 14822, Gainesville, FL, #2 \$1 10 pages 32604

Features the 3 Mile Island Family and Pissing Dog, and it's pruttty funny. Unfortunately it's too short and leaves you wishing for more.

Twisted Imbalance 209 S-me Hall, Box 03541, #4 72¢ 16 pages ... Carolina State Univ. 27695-7315

Definitely get this one. It's got extremely cool layout, with alot of things from other magazines collaged together, with great stuff to read. Covers mostly anti gov't stuff with no music, but you won't even care that there are no show reviews when you read the fact filled pages. (boy, did that sound weird. I must be insane)

Dead Fish (a different fish) 2301 Prairie, #5 25¢ 4 pages Aurora, IL, 60506-5235


Ouch, it's got real tiny type, crammed together because they couldn't afford more pages. There is a Stiff Legged Sheep inter. It's pretty good, kinda silly but has spirit.

Third Rail PO Box 1576, Stillwater, OK, 74076 #7 free(I guess) 6 pages

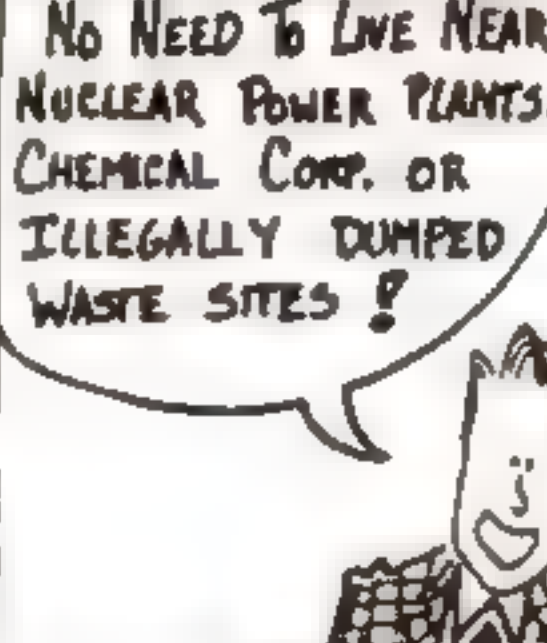
It's got R&S reviews, and some chaotically mixed up articles- cartoons and stuff. I like it, but too bad it's not longer.

From Atomic Comix


AN ADVERTISEMENT



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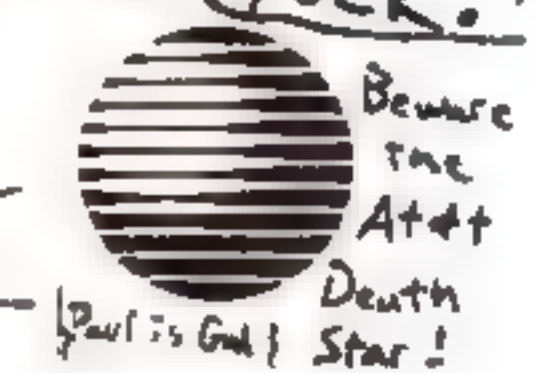
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 A DAY!**
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Oh, what have we here?
 It a copy of TIME
 Time's disgusting "Comets
 Killed the Dinosaurs" issue
 cover. And some people
 said Going Under #7's cover
 was ugly. This thing
 takes the maggot cake
 for ugliness!! and to
 top it all off the stick
 Reagan's mug in the corner.
YUCK!

OK, thats it for this month. PLEASE, when
 you send for a magazine, send 1 or 2 stamps
 depending on the length. Write "Hello!" to
 the editor too. We like that.
 ---Ad pages are not counted in the number
 of pages, and R&S stands for record &
 shows reviews.---



Record Reviews

Map of the World - Hiroshima Girls Ep.
1101 Pomona, Ann Arbor, MI 48103

The title track starts to move, but on the whole, this is pretty lame and wouldn't be in my possession if it weren't for blatant localism.

Husker Du - Flip Your Wig lp.
Box 1, Lawndale, CA, 90260 (\$6.50)

Ok, it's not God, but it's close. It lacks a little of the fervent intensity of New Day Rising, but the songs are still cool- Especially "Divide and Conquer" and "Makes No Sense At All"- both must be experienced to understand...

The Guilty Bystanders - Broccoli Rules cass.
307 E. Shiawassee, Fenton, MI 48430 (\$4 or so)

Obviously these guys have spent too much time at AutoWorld. They have actually funny songs that you don't even get sick of! Worth your time to check this out. Lots of parody- surf, heavy metal, PIL, jazz, and The Hardcore Alphabet!

Slaughterhouse cass.
7226 Senator, Detroit, MI, 48209
Packaged in a bed pan bag, you expect some pretty nasty shit and they deliver. Perverted. Unfortunately, the music enters a grind and never changes. Only for the seriously warped. (\$4)

When Monkeys Were Gods comp. lp.
403 Forest, Royal Oak, MI 48607
It's a pretty good idea to check this out to hear some of the local "new music" bands like Sleep- who are the best here- and Frames, Vertical Pillows, etc who can be pretty good. Not too many dudes.

Alien Nation - Anhedonia ep.
30270 Southfield, MI, 48076
Kind of popdeathcore, it's pretty cool.

Angry Red Planet - Gawkers Paradise Ep.
pobox 433, Dearborn MI 48121
4 songs, all of them very cool. Some like their old stuff, some a little funkier, they songs are strongly written and even the stupid "Curling" (it's on channel 9") is fun so lay out the dough and buy this NOW

Butthole Surfers - Cream Corn From The Seed of David ep.
"I'm Goin' down to Florida, gonna bowl me a perfect game" need I say more?

Big Stick single - \$3 post paid - 26-10 185t. Astoria, NY

Very cool Art/noisy yet very clean production and (11102)
pretty cool effects & lyrics - worth a shot I'd say. Especially for imaginative people.

COLORED RECTANGLES

They're pieces of cloth with dye in them
They're pieces of fabric people die for them
What colors do you like and pledge your allegiance to
Which cloth do you salute
What colors own you

Some have yellow, orange or green
Shows what lines you live between
Some have red or white or blue
Shows what borders surround you

The only border that we really have
is the atmosphere around us
And now they're filling that with flags

Forced
Anger
Lyrics



Forced Anger's Nate & Scott



Who says
Going Under
is sloppy?
I'll kill
you...



JUST RUB HIS BELLY
FOR A REAL MONEY
MIRACLE
GUARANTEED!

N- How long have you been doing the show?

B- About a year. Um, since August of '84.

N- Did you always have it hardcore?

B- Well Yeah. I mean, when you come to 'CBN you have to do Freeform and stuff, but my idea was always to do punk and hardcore because thats what I liked. No, I didn't start out with hardcore, but it's what I planned to do all along.

N- Was there a hardcore show before you came to WCBN?

B- Yeah. Apparently there was one for a long time. Jody Fairchild did one before me, and Lori Bizer before him.

N- Did anyone complain about your ideas for a hardcore show?

B- Well Yeah. I wasn't trying to take over anybody's show, but I wanted to get on the air and play Buzzcocks all the time and yeah, I got a lot of flack for it. I was headstrong. So what you do is you tone it down and you wait for your opening and then you jump in. I started losing battles, but then I won the war. I could do my show. So now, even when I do freeform now I can whack out, which is basically what I wanted to do all along.

N- Do you like being on at such weird hours?

B- Yeah, well my hours are changing by my choice. I used to do those 11-2's and those are the ones I really like because I peak. I mean, before I came here I was sleeping. (writer's note: Int. was at 3:30 in afn.)

N- Yes well so was I, but I was in school.

B- Yeah well, I take morning classes and then I sleep in the early afternoon, and then I stay up pretty much all night. So 11-2 was pretty ideal for me. But then I found my Fridays were really busy and by the time 1:00 rolled around, my show started to suffer. So I moved around my hours. Now I'm 8-11:30. But the best time for radio is late at night. It doesn't matter if anybody's listening.

N- Let's do a plug. When are your hours?

B- Well, it may change, but it's definately hardcore from 10-11:30 on Friday nights. It may go to 12:00, and then it may not. I do my show from 8-11:30, but I may cut it and take 10-12. I have to talk to some people. I can't just do this. Anyway, 10-11:30 fridays. I moved it up so I can go out and hit a few parties.

N- Are you politically aware?

B- No, No. Well, yeah, anybody with half a brain is politically aware and knows what's going on but I don't take politics seriously. I keep up with whats going on but I'm not about to go get myself arrested because that's stupid. I mean, you can go sit in a tent in the middle of the diag all summer and one day your gone. I mean, big deal. It's

nice and you can say 'good for you guys', but it still doesn't do much.

N- what do you think about politics in music?

B- If you listen to the songs I play, they're so politically diverse and I play them back to back. I mean, if the they have a good tune and they rock out, well then, it goes from being politically conscious but not caring. I mean, I don't play that music to say, this is how I feel, I play it because it happens to be a good song. I don't want anybody to misinterpret why I'm on the radio. I happen to like the music and not the politics. I mean, I don't dislike the politics, but politics are irrelevant if the song has good rock, and decent lyrics. Coherent lyrics.

N- Do you get strange phone calls while you do your show?

B- Yeah. There are some people who call all the time, and there are assholes who get pissed just because I won't play the particular song they want to hear. It's irritating because I like requests, but when assholes call I don't even feel like answering the phone. Abusive people get nowhere with me.

N- What do you think about the censoring of albums and all that stuff?

B- It's bullshit. It could have happened a long time ago, but it didn't. I remember being a kid and seeing warning labels on Richard Pryor albums and thinking 'ooh, he must say fuck'. It's stupid because these people will censor and it'll make the kids rebel even more. And these stupid kids listen to "WE wanna Rock" and don't they realize that their rocking along with their parents? And that's what they think their not doing by liking this music. I'm sorry, that's just a theory I wanted to get in.

N- Of course, anything else?

B- Well, no.

N- Hell, your Bill. Hero to millions.

B- Hero to maybe four. If we got a power increase, I mean, that would be nice.

N- Any possibility of that?

B- Well, yeah. Things have been looking good for a while. Lets put it this way. I'm leaving at the end of August, and there is a good chance I'll actually broadcast on more watts. I mean, I bet we don't even reach Scott in where does he live? Manchester?

N- Well, Dexter. I guess he gets it, but the house next door doesn't.

B- Well, on 10 measly fucking watts! I mean, if we could reach Detroit, which is an impossibility, & but if we could reach Dearborn, I'm sure we could affect record sales. It would be great. We need more power. Maybe....

WCBN

88.3

FM

RADIO FREE PA

W

Bill Bhourd raises kids for blood.

RECORD LABELING AND OTHER FAVORITES

by T.S.

All right, you all have heard of the bill being pushed at congress. A few, self-righteous, religious people want to get a bill passed that would make record companies put labels on rock-n-roll records. These people feel it is their duty to warn parents of the so-called danger from listening to these records. These people feel these records will cause kids to be rebellious and (God forbid) worship the Devil. Give me a break, please. Labeling records won't do anything possitive for kids or parents. It will just make the paranoid parent a little more paranoid. Other parents won't even care. My folks do not care. If they do not like what I happen to be listening to, they go elsewhere: out of hearing. This system works the same for me. When my Dad is tunin' on Bach in B flat I head for my room and toss on my earphones. But hey! Here is a groovie idea. How about a record label on classical records warning kids that their parents will turn into Fuddie-Duddies from listening to the records. Or warnings on Barry Manilow and Barbara Stresand records that too much listening could lead to a polyester wardrobe? I do like the record warning labels that are already on some records. "Warning. This material may be offensive to the beliefs and creeds of some people." How about extending that to saying, "This record will make your children satan worshippers!" This is an all out attempt at censorship. Actually it's a few people trying to get their opinions on our records. After all, these people do not listen to these

records. How do they know what is good and bad for other people? There is something else I can not stand. People telling me what is good for me. How do they know exactly what will make me a lilley white virgin and a devilish, sleazbag whore? Parents were made to tell kids how they should act. Don't they do that enough? These other people have no right to interfere with the lives of others. I would feel sorry for kids that don't have the balls enough to tell interfering people where to get off. You know these kids are going to grow up and have a shitty time handling their lives. They will have a bossy wife or husband. A bossier boss(as Jack Torrance once said "officious little prick") They will generally be wastoids in life. Life is rough at the bottom of the pile. So I would encourage you to tell people who bug you to kiss the porcelain god. Get the assholes off your back and go party. Go listen to some dingy bad music while you can. You never know when you might not have the chance to buy an unlabeled record again. And if your parents get upset take your music and partying some where else. Enjoy life to the fullest while other people have not yet made laws against it.

The Record industry has voluntarily adopted a record labeling resolution, so watch for these labels coming at ya pretty soon . . .

High School Guard Shoots Student

GARY, Ind. — Michael McClendon, a senior at Wirt High School, had to undergo emergency reconstructive surgery on his right hand after being shot by a school security guard with a shotgun.

McClendon was injured when school security guards attempted to break up a party for "senior skip day" at another student's home. When the raid took place, Michael and another youth were hiding under a bed and were discovered by Walter Hightower, a security guard, who was armed with a twelve-gauge shotgun.

Hightower first kicked McClendon and then struck him across the back with his shotgun when he didn't get up quick enough. It was

at that point which the gun discharged.

McClendon stated, "I was lying on my stomach with my back to him when he shot me." McClendon, 18, a member of both the Wirt football and track teams, had taken a break from practice to go to the party.

In a statement about the security guard's actions, McClendon said, "They started roughing up the students unnecessarily. They carried it too far."

Life by Dragonlady X

Life is a tomato
As you live it it grows wrinkled
It stinks
It's limp and physically dead
It's all downhill from harvest time
You live and rot
Your inners are eaten
Your skin is forgotten
You lie on the street
Your eaten by a dog
Your soul is sauce in someone's shit.

by GLH

I had checked out a book. An ordinary library book titled "101 Ways to Cheat on Test Papers". It was overdue. Two weeks overdue, to be exact. Oh, I knew, of course. The library had sent me first, second, and third notices, but it wasn't until threatening letters began to slip under my door that I began to suspect that something was amiss. Soon, it wasn't just letters. The next week, my car was soaped. After that, my windows were smashed. I tried to nervously laugh these occurrences off, but several days after that I found a message written in black spray paint on my garage door. It said:

RETURN THE BOOK...OR ELSE!

Now I was scared. I avoided the library, but every time I walked past it I could feel the librarian's eyes burning holes in my back. I could almost hear her evil snicker, and felt a sense of impending doom...

It was 12:09 and 59 seconds when I rounded the corner to my history classroom just as the bell rang. My teacher, of course, slammed the door in my face.

"Very sorry, Miz Hallidy," he snarled through the glass, "but I'm afraid you'll have to go to the library and get a tardy slip."

The statement sounded simple enough, but I could feel the malice behind the words. They were out to get me! Even my history teacher was involved! Cold shivers ran down my spine as I felt him watching me out of the corners of his squinty little eyes. The library! I couldn't go there, not yet! But what could I do? I turned and shuffled mechanically towards the forbidding building.

The library loomed cold and menacing in its army green paint. I wanted to turn back, to run screaming through the empty halls, back to my warm, safe history classroom. But no, I had to go in, had to face that old hag of a librarian had to pick up my tardy slip...tardy slip? What is a lousy tardy slip when your life may be at stake? Wait a minute, I was blowing this whole thing out of proportion. This was only the school library, and, overdue book or not, they wouldn't do anything to me. Would they? Could they? Of course not. I made up my mind and marched up the steps like a hero returning from war, ready to claim my tardy slip.

There was no one in the library, only old books and a musty carpet. This was going to be easier than I thought. Then...I saw it. The burglar alarm. It was a construction of steel and wire that you had to walk through to get in and out of the library. It beeped

every time someone tried to take out a book that they hadn't checked out. I often wondered what else it did to the unfortunate souls who walked through it carrying unchecked books. Come to think of it, there had been several cases of radiation poisoning at our school lately...

I lost all my valor and courage. The color drained from my face. I couldn't walk through that contraction, it was probably rigged to recognize me! What could it do to me? I didn't want to think about that. I was scrambling over the bookshelf as an alternate route when I saw the librarian's cold eyes staring at me out of a wrinkled face.

The witch-like librarian grinned wicked, toothless grin at me as I sheepishly scrambled down to the floor. I babbled and tried to explain myself, but she cut in with a raspy voice:

"Whaat issa ittt yyyou waaantt, yooouung laaccyy?"

"Um, I, um, um, well, you know, need to, er-an, pick up my tar..ahem..tardy slip."

"Oooff coouurssse. Juusst waalk throough theee allaaarm and I givve ittt tooo youuu."

Walk through the alarm? no WAY! Not if my life depended on it, and from the look on her face, maybe it did. But something in the

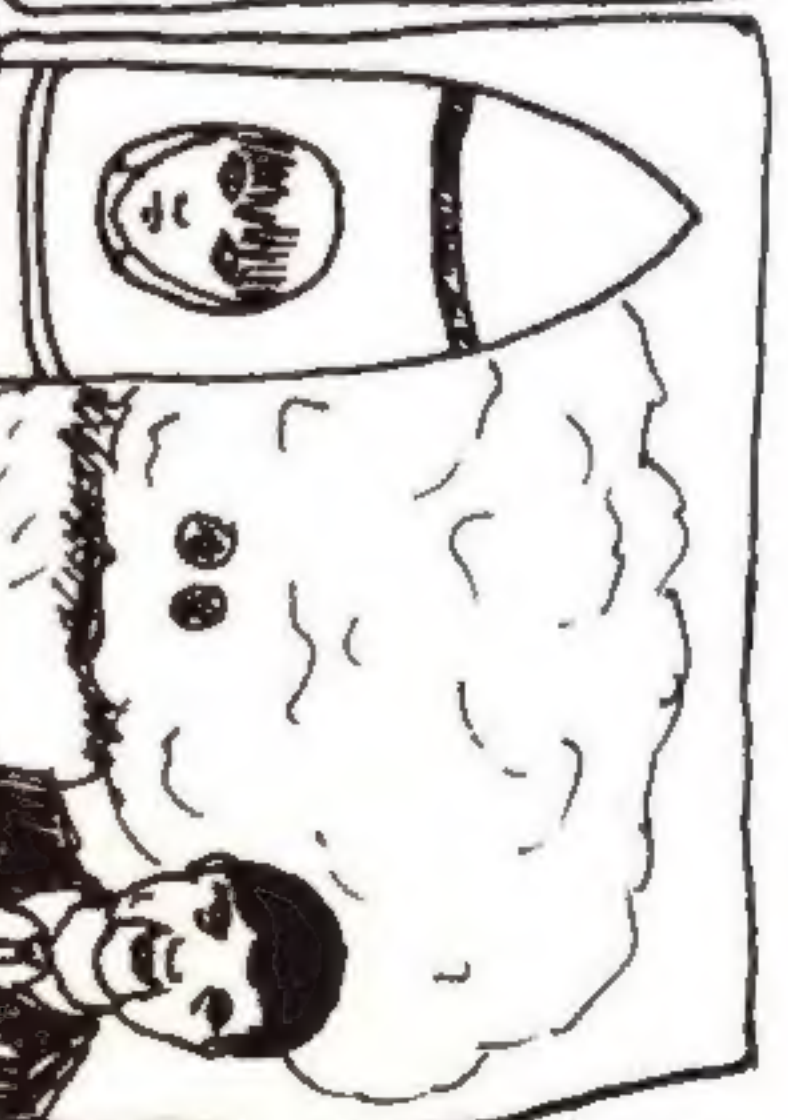
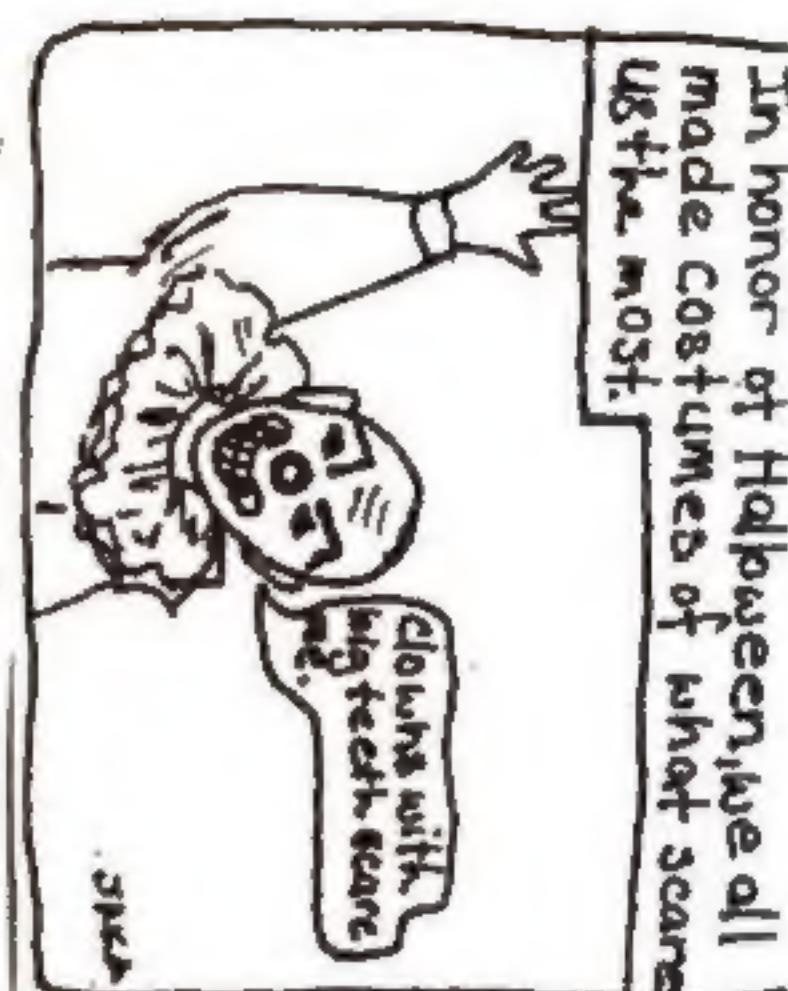
depths of her hollow, black eyes compelled me, pulled me inch by relentless inch towards the metal death chamber. I stopped in the middle for what seemed like eternity, but was probably 10 seconds. All I could feel was a strange tingling sensation running through my body. Actually, it felt kind of neat. Then, I walked out. I had made it! Nothing had happened to me! Maybe I could trust this lady. She was, after all, only a librarian...

Underground, in the deep, dank cellar of the library, the brain scanner connected to the burglar alarm was working furiously. Conclusion?

"Has a deep passion for...pepperoni pizza."

The principal, watching the machine, turned away and smiled wickedly.

I followed the librarian submissively, not knowing about the evil plan developing beneath my feet. Where could she be going? We walked through the familiar bookshelves, desks, reading areas. We passed the 700's, 800's, 900's...wait a minute, there wasn't anything past the 900's, was there? Evidently there was. I still trusted the old lady, fool that I was. I wasn't even suspicious when she insisted I wear a blindfold so the whereabouts of the tardy slips



Dust on the Bookshelves can't



would not be revealed to the students. After all, I figured, it would be terrible if some vandal got in and screwed up the delicate files, and since I had never gotten a slip before, I had no idea of the procedure. For a minute my stomach dropped out, and I felt myself going down. I stepped out of what I supposed was an elevator, and followed the librarian.

When the librarian took off my blindfold, I found myself in a steel vault that the she said was the waiting room. It was stark white with no furniture whatsoever, and bright lights gave it an even harsher appearance. She sat me down and said she would "Beeee rigghht backkkk," with my tardy slip.

Meanwhile, she asked if I wanted something to read. What a nice lady, I thought. As a matter of fact, she looked a bit like my grandmother. She brought in a book and asked me to sign for it. Not even noticing that the card was on document paper, I scrawled my name on the dotted line. She walked out, and I heard suction and the clank of a lock as the door closed behind her. Wait a minute...this was supposed to be a waiting room! Why should they lock me in? Elementary, you idiot, only if it isn't a waiting room at all, but a cell! Come to think of it, why should we have to go through all this trouble just to get a tardy slip? And weren't the tardy slips kept in the office? What and imbecile I was! I broke into a cold sweat, and I knew I had made a big mistake. Just how big it was I was about to find out.

I was fitfully cozing on the cold floor of the vault when I first heard the noise. I sat bolt upright in fear and surprise, and strained my ears to listen. Then I knew what it was. That soft hissing sound coming from the vent could only be one thing...gas! They were trying to gas me! Oh, God, what could I do? I ran around in a frenzy and then, stopped. There was something familiar about the smell that was filling the room. The smell of something that drove me mad with desire every time I even thought about it. The smell of piping hot, dripping with cheese, thick crusted with extra tomato sauce...pepperoni pizza! It was pure torture. Where was it? I had to get at it! The smell filled my nostrils and left me swooning on the floor. I pounded my body against the wall, tried to scramble into the vent, kicked and banged my head against the door. I couldn't get out! The essence of pepperoni pizza was driving me insane. But that was what they wanted, wasn't it? Yes, I would give them what they wanted.

Finished In the
next issue....
ha ha ha we
got you now!



Please send
me to kill
to protect
your profit
margins!!
Yeah! Capitalism!



A helpful
hint from our
own CIA
(Civilized Terrorism
Agency)



Todd Nagel, Editor of The
Entertainment Press, can't
tell them apart....



CAN YOU TELL THEM APART?

One of these evil
looking guys is the
famous sex symbol
Henry 111 Rollins and the
is Charles Manson.
But Which Is Which?



or are they really
Black Flag
or
Helter Skelter - you decide
the same?



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